

INDIAN CHIEFTAIN.

JOHN L. ADAMS, Editor.
M. E. MILFORD, Manager.
VINITA, INDIAN TERRITORY.

DANCING IN THE BARN.

Along the city street and still
Across the grass the moonlight fell;
Upon the night strifes across the still
Of slumbering and whispering,
And down the vale I hear the faint
To "Dancing in the Barn."
Ah, no!
So long ago it seems to me
That "Dancing in the Barn."
The twilight falls on each young face,
As, wheeling in the country dance,
New in, new out, our shadows dance
About the dead, old-fashioned barn.
Can light in life so much endure
As "Dancing in the Barn?"
Ah, no!
For youth is but a brief time
That "Dancing in the Barn."
But ah! that night when as of yore
I heard the haunting old refrain—
"Where Love is done, it comes no more,
And ah, my heart, how you were sore
All in my feet but time again
To "Dancing in the Barn."
The hour had struck of life and fate
To "Dancing in the Barn."

Long after, in a crowded street,
A boy, old, blind man faintly played
Just where the light and shadow meet,
My heart stood still, my steps delayed,
For that old tune which stopped and stayed
Was "Dancing in the Barn."
And oh!
What tales are told of long ago—
That "Dancing in the Barn."

Ah, poor young love, I thought you dead!
And yet I hear the music years
After so many silent years:
It seemed a requiem of your head—
That "Dancing in the Barn."
But deep
In my poor heart that love still dwells,
With "Dancing in the Barn."
—AND F. DE KROM, IN AMERICA.

OLD VENUS.

The Mystery of the Swamp—A Southern Sketch.

[Written for this paper.]
"MY young days, the peculiar in-
sultation of the South, flourished in
full vigor. Like most Southern gen-
tlemen, my father owned slaves, and
unlike most Southern ladies, my mother
greatly dreaded the contaminating in-
fluence of negro associates for her
children. To guard against this, a plank
wall, about ten feet high, was erected
between the "great house" and the
negro cabins, and it was as much as
my life was worth to be caught on the
wrong side of it.

But from the days of our grand-
mother Eve downward, prohibition has
had but one effect on depraved human
nature, i. e., to make us long more
ardently for the thing prohibited.
A nocturnal visit to Uncle Isaac's or
Aunt Ester's cabin had always been
delightful, but it became irresistibly
enticing after the erection of that
fence. Many a night, when I was sup-
posed to be sleeping the sleep of in-
nocence, I had scaled the barrier and
was snugly ensconced in a huge chim-
ney corner, luxuriating on hot ash-
cake and roasted possum, and listen-
ing with all the ears I had to negro
songs and stories.

One night I made up my mind to
accompany Uncle Ike on a "possum
hunt. We both knew such an expedi-
tion would be considered an overt act
of high treason against the reigning
powers, and entail direful consequences
if detected. Nevertheless, I was bent
on going, and Ike was equally eager to
take me."

Ten o'clock of an autumn night
found us trudging towards Cocodri
swamp, accompanied by a mongrel
cur which Ike pronounced "de pow-
fules" possum dawg on all these dig-
gins."

At first, our way lay through the
pine woods, and the moon lighted our
path and silvered with melancholy
luster the smooth brown trunks and
hedge swaying tops of the pine trees.
But as we approached Cocodri, the
thicker growth intercepted her rays
and made a twilight through which we
had some difficulty to avoid stumbling
over the cypress knees and breaking
our own.

We had gone a mile in the swamp
when our attention was drawn to the
strange behavior of Ike's dog. Instead
of questing round in search of game
he stunk close to his master's legs,
his tail between his own, and shivered
all over.

"Fo' Gawd, Mars Harry, yer done
see dat dawg? I b'lieve, I ky' mars-
ter, dat dawg done see sumpun we dem
cain't see. Now I try him. Hi, Cesar,
hi, boy, 'possum up er gum tree; sick
him, boy, sick him!"

But Cesar declined to "sick him,"
or to do any thing but slouch close to
Ike's heels, his hair bristling and

BUT CESAR DECLINED TO "SICK" HIM,
showing his teeth with a faint snarl.
"What makes him do that way,
Uncle Ike? I never saw him behave
so before."

"I done told yer, young mars, dat
dawg got mighty nose. He kin
smell 'possum whar yer neber think
he'r uv 'possum tail was, 'b he smelt
sumpun now. Sho's yer 'bna, honey,
dar sumpun air 'sleppin' round 'ere,
dar's hants 'em."

"Hansel stuff, more likely he
smell alligators, Cocodri lake swarms
with 'em, and he's mortally scared of
them ever since one snapped off a
piece of his tail in the bayou."

"Yah! yah! he smelt young mars,
but 'tain't no alligator, Mars. We dem
nigh 'nough he like for lake for lake.
Cesar he snout up her spook, chile,
who's yer 'bna. When he sick he
dumpty tail on dat way, dar's hants
vums 'em. Dar's I at I dope tale yer!"
I looked where Uncle Ike pointed
and saw a light twinkling faintly through
the trees.

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250 feet from the shore. A hasty au-
topsy was made and there was found
the usual evidence of a double murder,
the back of the head having been laid open by
a terrible blow with an axe. Pieces of rail-
road iron were embedded in the neck and
another piece was tied around her waist and
a third around her ankles.

It was said that the body would be
dragged to the city to the undertaking
rooms, and in less than two hours the two
streets leading to the rooms were filled for
a block each way with excited people.
About twelve o'clock the mob arrived
and the women's body would inflame the crowd,
and it was quickly slipped out of the city
under a strong guard and secreted and
guarded.

At night about three thousand men
gathered in the vicinity of the jail intent
on lynching Hawes. Mayor Thompson
and several officers talked to the crowd,
but the mob would not be deterred. The
county jail began slowly pouring back
the outer guard and advanced down
Twenty-first street to the mouth of the
alley leading to the jail entrance. This
alley is about 100 feet long and twenty
wide and is the only approach to the jail.
When the crowd reached the mouth of the
alley Sheriff Smith yelled to them: "I will
shoot the first man who enters this alley
to stand back time and again. He
yelled to them to keep back, as they would
be fired on if they advanced up the alley.
Finally he called out: "I will count three,
and if a man remains there in the alley
we will fire."

The sheriff counted three and the crowd
fell back a little and the authorities did not
give the order to fire.
This seemed to make the mob bolder, and
again they pressed up the alley.
Sheriff Smith yelled to them: "I will
shoot the first man who enters this alley
to stand back time and again. He
yelled to them to keep back, as they would
be fired on if they advanced up the alley.
Finally he called out: "I will count three,
and if a man remains there in the alley
we will fire."

The mob fell back, leaving the ground
covered with dead and wounded. The
mob carried away by their friends before being
detected.

Yesterday the military took possession
of the city and today the mob overpowered.
The following were killed:
A. B. Throckmorton, postmaster, and a
very prominent and popular citizen. He
was a white man, about thirty years of age
and was born in Louisville, Ky. He came to Birmingham
in 1880 as agent for the Southern Express
Company, and about eighteen months ago
was appointed postmaster.

An unknown negro, shot through the
lungs, and died this morning.
R. McCoy was toward the front of the
crowd when the firing commenced. He
fell at the first volley.
A. B. Tarrant was shot in the back.
After the first volley he lay down on the
ground with the hope of avoiding firing.
Bullets, fate would not have it so, how-
ever, and a ball struck him on his head
and he fell on his back. After a few
minutes' suffering he died.

A. D. Bryant was shot through the
heart. He was standing rather near the
front, and was doing his best to restrain
the crowd from going any further. He
fell at the first volley, and died instantly.
C. C. Tate was shot through the hip,
thigh and loin. He is dying. He is a
painter, and lived at Eastlake. He is
about forty-five years old and has a
family.

Frank Childers, shot through the
head, died last evening.
Collier Smith, a colored shot through
the right lung, died yesterday morning.
Lawrence Pittman, a civil engineer,
was fatally wounded. He was shot
through the shoulder. He is thirty years
old.

Charles Bailey was shot through the
head. It is thought he is fatally wounded.
A. J. Smith, a woman, was shot in the
left side just under the right shoulder.
It is thought